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GERMAN.



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"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."



LONDON:  
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## POEMS FROM THE GERMAN.

### TO THE MOON.

**A**S thou fillest glade and lea  
With thy misty shine,  
All my soul is drawn to thee,  
Taken into thine.

All my field, beneath thy ray,  
Softened I descry ;  
Like my own grief look'd away  
By a friendly eye.

Every ancient thrill again  
Doth my heart possess,  
Wanders on 'twixt joy and pain  
In the loneliness.

Flow, flow on, dear brook ; but gay  
Never shall I be ;  
So delight has flow'd away,  
And fidelity.

Once, alas ! was wholly mine  
Earth's most precious gain ;  
Far too precious to resign,  
And, ah ! to retain.

Ripple, brook, in silver break  
Forth the vale along ;  
Ripple on, and rippling make  
Music to my song ;

When thou, in the wintry eve,  
Dost thy banks o'erflow,  
Or the virgin buds receive  
Yet a greener glow.

Blest who, hating not, but yet  
Shunning earthly noise,  
Wanders with a friend from it,  
And with him enjoys

Feelings which, to men unknown,  
Or forgotten quite,  
Roam the silent breast alone  
In the silent night.



## MIGNON'S SONG.

**K** NOW'ST thou the land where flowers the  
citron-bloom,

And golden orange glows in leafy gloom?

A soft wind flutters from the fair blue sky,

Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high;

Know'st thou the land?

O there, O there,

My Friend, my Love, might thou and I repair!

Know'st thou the house? on pillars rests its roof,

The high hall shines, the chamber gleams aloof,

And marble statues stand and gaze on me,—

What is it they have done, poor child, to thee?

Know'st thou the house?

O there, O there,

My Friend, my Guide, might thou and I repair!

Know'st thou the mountain-path, in vapours grey  
Immersed ? the slow mule picks his foggy way ;  
In caves abide the dragon's ancient brood ;  
Crashes the rock, and over it the flood.  
Know'st thou the path ?

O there, O there,

My Friend, my Father, let us both repair !

## CLÄRCHEN'S SONG.

CHEERFUL,  
And tearful,  
And thoughtful to be ;  
Waiting,  
Debating,  
Irresolutely ;  
Cast into darkness,  
Shouting above,  
O ! happy alone  
Is the heart with its love.

## SERENADE.

**O**, NOT thine eye unsealing,  
 Give half a dreaming ear  
 While sweet my strings are pealing :—  
 Sleep, what would'st more, my dear ?

While sweet my strings are pealing,  
 The stars bless, beaming clear,  
 The deep eternal feeling :—  
 Sleep, what would'st more, my dear ?

The deep eternal feeling  
 Doth lift me from the sphere  
 Of earthly rout and reeling :—  
 Sleep, what would'st more, my dear ?

All earthly rout and reeling  
Thou mak'st to disappear,  
'Mid gloom and still concealing :—  
Sleep, what would'st more, my dear?

'Mid gloom and still concealing,  
Giv'st half a dreaming ear,  
While sweet my strings are pealing :—  
Sleep, what would'st more, my dear?

## THE SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS.

**N**OW, as hath ever been, the sun  
 Makes music 'mid his brother-spheres,  
 As his predestined course to run  
 With steps of thunder he careers ;  
 New strength the gazing angels draw,  
 Though he be comprehended never ;  
 Thy works, O Lord, Creation saw  
 Sublime, sublime are they for ever !

And swifter far than tongue can say,  
 The circling Earth in splendour ranges,  
 And the fair glow of Eden-day  
 With deep and awful night exchanges ;  
 The waters foam up from the ocean,  
 And scourge the rocks with frenzied force,

And the swift spheres' eternal motion  
Whirls all along in breathless course.

And fury of unbridled storms  
On every land and sea has birth,  
And raging in contention forms  
A chain of terror for the earth ;  
The thunder crashes—on its way  
The lightning flames forth to destroy,  
But the mild process of Thy day  
Thy servants, Lord, revere with joy.

And we are strengthen'd to all time  
By scanning what we fathom never ;  
The first day saw Thy works sublime,  
And they are still sublime for ever !

## SUNSET.

(FAUST *loquitur.*)

**O** HAPPY he  
 Who yet may hope to rise from error's sea !  
 Our little lore is little aid, and what  
 Perchance were worth the knowing, we know not.  
 Yet be not the last ray of this fair day  
 Dimm'd by the complaints of an uneasy mind ;  
 Lo ! where the sun sinks bright, and bathes in light  
 The huts with countless clustering leaves entwined !  
 It sinks, the orb has lived his term of life,  
 Yet westward wending, he recruits his ray,  
 O for a wing to lift me from this strife,  
 Plant me in heaven, and launch me on his way !



Girt with the rich resplendence would I sail,  
And watch the wide world at my feet unroll'd,  
Each hill alit, a calm on every vale,  
And every brook a wandering thread of gold.  
Not all the savage mountains' soaring peaks  
Were barriers to impede my godlike flight,  
The spreading sea to her remotest creeks  
Lay as a map 'neath my undazzled sight.  
The sun at length in night's cold clasp must fade,  
But what avails my ardent course to bind?  
I chase the fleeting splendour undismay'd,  
The day before me and the night behind,  
The unbounded heaven above, the unbounded sea  
Below.—Bright vision, art thou vanishing?  
Forbear thy dreams, fond soul, 'tis not for thee  
To beat immortal air with mortal wing.  
Yet is there not a son of clay, but feels  
Some high emotion in his breast take birth,  
When, from the blue that her frail form conceals,  
The lark's glad song descends to earth,

When eagles wide their wings expand  
O'er the steep mountain's piny crest,  
And o'er long wastes of sea and land  
The crane steers to her southern nest.

## THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

**H**ERE, here upon the mountain  
A thousand times I stand,  
And on my staff I lean me,  
And look upon the land.

My feeding flocks I follow,  
My good dog keeps them well,  
And now I have descended,  
And how I cannot tell.

And here with vivid flowerets  
The mead is all aglow ;  
I stoop me and I pluck them,  
For whom I do not know.

Beneath the tree I house me  
In tempests' roar and gleam ;  
Her door is shut against me,—  
Alas, 'twas all a dream !

A rainbow, like a vision,  
Stands o'er that simple home ;  
But she, she hath departed,  
And far away doth roam ;

Far over the land, and haply  
Far over the bitter sea ;—  
Move on, my sheep, move onward,  
And, shepherd, woe is thee !

## HUNTSMAN'S SONG.

**W**ITH ready gun, with heavy heart,  
O'er hill and dale I rove,  
And ever in my sight thou art,  
Sweet vision of my love !

Thou stealest on by glade and heath,  
A lovely, silent thing ;  
O, can my image o'er thy path  
Be likewise hovering ?

Who leaves thee, slow must be his pace,  
And sore his heart oppress'd,  
If to the East he set his face,  
Or if unto the West.

Yet, when I muse upon thee, lo !

A deep, a blissful boon

Comes purely o'er my breast, as though

I look'd unto the moon.

## IN ABSENCE.

**A**ND wilt thou then no more be mine ?  
How can it be thou art not here,  
When every word and tone of thine  
Rings plain in the familiar ear ?

As when the traveller doth raise  
His sight, and fruitlessly pursue  
The singing lark, lost to his gaze  
In sunlight and unbounded blue,

So all around and everywhere  
My restless sight is strain'd for thee,  
And all my songs one burden bear,—  
O come, Beloved, back to me !

## IN A GLADE.

**I**N a glade  
I idly went,  
Nought to seek  
Was my intent.

I saw a flower  
In shelter shy,  
Fair as a star,  
Sweet as an eye.

I stoop'd to pluck it,  
Then did it say,  
“ Why be gather'd  
To fade away ?”



I gently loosed  
The earth around,  
Bore it home to my  
Garden-ground ;

In a nook  
The flower I set ;  
There it grows and  
Blossoms yet.

**B**OKHARA no reserve I make,  
Or Balkh or Samarcand ;  
Where is the town I would not take  
And give into thine hand ?

But ask the Sultan, whose they are,  
If he such gifts approves ?  
More great is he and wise by far,  
But knows not how one loves.

O monarch, wouldst thou seek to vie  
In lavishness with me ?  
Thou must have such a queen as I,  
And such a beggar be.

## THE GOD OF YOUTH.

**W**HEN, in the silent even,  
Or 'neath the summer night,  
Thy spirit searches Heaven  
For visionary light ;  
If in the silent spaces  
Thou deemest yet to see  
The pale majestic faces  
Of high antiquity ;

If a God's incarnation,  
In Beauty's guise array'd,  
Thy spirit's aspiration  
Can momentarily persuade  
To stoop and linger, bodeful  
Of happiness to be,

And even on its road full

Of final melody ;

Then seek the stillest valley's

Most flowery recess,

And pour from golden chalice

The wine of happiness,

Thy bosom's spring, unwaning,

Is smiling yet on thee,

The God of Youth is reigning

Yet over thee and me.

As in the walks of Tibur,

When, rapt in dreams sublime,

The poet of the Roman

Forgot the flight of Time ;

Soothed by the elm-tree's whisper,

And freedom of thy flow,

Thou blossom-lipping lisper,

O crystal Anio !

## A VISION.

**E**VEN now I had a vision ;  
I lay upon a steep ;  
It was by the sea-strand,  
I look'd upon the land,  
And out unto the deep ;

And by the sea-shore ready,  
A gallant vessel lay,  
With colour'd flags all blowing,  
The pilot coming, going,  
Impatient of delay.

Then from the distant mountains  
Came down a gallant train,

Like angels bright, bedeck'd  
With flowers, and direct  
They moved unto the main.

Before that gay procession  
Fair children did advance ;  
The rest made music, sung,  
The empty goblet swung,  
And interwove the dance.

They said unto the pilot,  
“ Come, wilt thou take us forth ?  
The Loves and Joys are we,  
And now would put to sea,  
And all forsake the earth.”

Then all those dear companions  
Into his boat he bade,  
Inquiring, “ Say, ye kind,  
Are any left behind  
On mountain, or in glade ?”

"None," said they; "speed us quickly,

We may not tarry here."

Swiftly the sea they cleft;

I saw the earth bereft

Of all that made her dear.

## THE BOY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

**T**HE mountain shepherd-boy am I,  
 Beneath me all the valleys lie,  
 Here on my dwelling-place is cast  
 The earliest sunlight, and the last,—  
 I am the boy of the mountain !

Here hath the stream its rocky birth,  
 I drink it ere it leaps to earth ;  
 Its waters none but I restrain,  
 I breast them, hurl them back again,—  
 I am the boy of the mountain !

The mountain-peak is all my own,  
 Around me all the storms are blown ;



And let them howl from south to north,  
Still shall my pealing voice go forth,—  
I am the boy of the mountain !

The thunder and the lightning too  
Pass under me, so high in blue,  
I know the thunderbolts, and call,  
“ Hurt not my father’s house at all ;”—  
I am the boy of the mountain !

And when the tocsin rings, and leaps  
Fire after fire on all the steeps,  
I hurry down my mates among,  
And swing my sword, and sing my song,—  
I am the boy of the mountain !

**O** YOUTH, when thou pursuest  
What never can be thine,  
And passionately wooest  
The reachless and divine,  
The prayer kind Heaven hearkens  
It smilingly denies,  
And soon no sorrow darkens  
Thy bosom or thine eyes.

But when from every folly  
The heart has turn'd away,  
And seeks the noble wholly,  
The good and perfect way,  
And still it is forbidden,  
And backward still is thrown,  
O be its tears unhidden,  
And give it of thine own !

## RESOLUTION.

**S**HE'LL come along this pathway wild,  
 To-day I go adventuring;  
 Why should I quake before the child  
 That never harm'd a mortal thing?

They hail her all, so glad they are :  
 I pass along and dare no glance,  
 Nor ever to the fairest star  
 Uplift my foolish countenance.

The flowers that greet her going by,  
 The birds with reckless songs of glee,  
 Love unforbidden testify,  
 Then wherefore my timidity?

Night after night have I declared  
My trouble to the Powers above ;  
But she from me has never heard  
The monosyllable of love.

Here will I lie beneath the tree  
Her punctual footsteps never miss,  
And, feigning a soliloquy,  
Will say how very dear she is.

Here will I—O the consternation !  
She's coming on, she's drawing nigh !  
Here in this bush I'll take my station,  
And watch her as she passes by.

## THE ROE.

**A** HUNTSMAN hunted many an hour  
A roe by field and flood,  
Till saw he where, 'mid tree and flower,  
A charming maiden stood.

What hath befallen the good horse?  
Can he have cast a shoe?  
What hindereth the huntsman's course,  
And checks his clear halloo?

By mountain and by valley-path  
Yet panting runs the roe;  
Stop, foolish thing, the huntsman hath  
Forgot thee long ago.

**T**HE ancient heroes came to me,  
 Requiring I should sing their fame ;  
 I said : “ Here is no place for ye,  
 One hath me utterly, the same,  
 Heroic since the world begun,  
 Whose shades and signs alone ye were,  
 Whose bannerals are moon and sun,  
 And his encampment sky and air ;  
 Ye fought for petty spans of ground  
 In petty spans of time ; but he  
 Monarch eternally is crown’d,  
 And his domain infinity.  
 More ardent fleets this blood, more worth  
 Streams in this breast’s ennobled veins  
 Than e’er from gaping wounds gush’d forth  
 For wither’d wreaths on brazen plains.

What can a mortal hand essay  
Worthy a mortal heart to move?  
The serious deed is childish play,  
And great the littleness of Love.  
Here sleeps he in triumphant rest,  
The worlds swing dreamily along,  
His cradle-throne my loved one's breast,  
His victor-lullaby my song.

## AMPHION'S LYRE.

**B**Y hill and valley treading,  
And singing with the streams,  
I saw the world lie red in  
The early morning beams.  
With what another vision  
That scene did I descry  
Since Love, with glow Elysian,  
Had purged my inner eye !  
O happy earth, for ever  
Adorn'd where'er I roam,  
On mountain or by river  
Where is the sweetest home ?  
I said, and sat beholding  
The landscape growing wide,



In every nook unfolding,  
And bright on every side;  
When, from the rosy portal  
Before the morning-fire,  
The hand of an Immortal  
Reach'd down to me a lyre.  
"I am," it whisper'd, golden  
With accents musical,  
"Wherewith Amphion olden  
Did build the Theban wall.  
If to thy feebler touches  
No thronging homes be shown,  
Thou marvel not, but much 'tis  
If thou canst build thine own!  
Behold the green profusest  
All swathed in golden air;  
Where is the mead thou choosest  
To dwell with me and her?"

## THE GARDEN'S DENIZEN.

THE garden's denizen  
 Am I, awaiting when  
 It liketh thee that thou  
 Should'st visit me, and how.

If as a sunbeam bright  
 Thou comest, to thy light  
 This breast shall ope, and be  
 What hue it pleaseth thee.

Or whether thou be fain  
 To seek me in the rain,  
 Or dew, behold Love's cup  
 To gather thee all up.

Or if it be thy mind  
To fan me in the wind,  
My bending shall express  
My happy thankfulness.

The garden's denizen  
Am I, awaiting when  
It liketh thee that thou  
Should'st visit me, and how.

## TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

**M**AY a father without blame  
Of his child enamour'd be ?

That am I ! now candle-flame

Melts away the gloom from thee,

Dear little daughter mine, still-nestled on my knee.

From the study, lone and chill,

To the nurs'ry's warmer air

Fled I, while my boys were still

Sporting out in the free air ;

I took her to my heart, and long I held her there.

As we two, with measured pace,

Up and down the room did go,

To mine own I press'd her face,  
Patiently she left it so,  
Something was meant thereby, she fully seem'd to  
know.

And the while that thoughtfully  
Strode I, and she mutely clung,  
Strains of old came back to me,  
Long unwonted to my tongue—  
The songs of love that I erst to her mother sung.

Where these fingers traced them plain  
Rest they, by this eye unread,  
'Tis not mine to wreathe again  
Flowers already garlanded,  
And deeper, sweeter themes possess the mother's  
head.

"Therefore," this with speechless speech  
Breathed I as I walk'd, but she

All my meaning seem'd to reach,  
Smiling apprehensively,  
“ Thy parents' hoard of song be dedicate to thee !

“ Nought will thy dear mother heed,  
Pleased with all that pleaseth me,  
Meet for her is meet indeed  
For herself renew'd in thee,  
So take what for a space must seem a mystery.

“ Sure I am, if faith be due  
To high mood and pure intent,  
Nought is written there, untrue,  
From the inmost heart unsent,

. Or that a maid may read and not be innocent.

“ When thou with thy bridegroom fain  
Walkest blithe and soberly,  
May he sing thee sweeter strain  
Than thy mother heard from me,  
Not envied by thy sire for that more than for thee !”



## QUATRAINS.

**W**HO is in love, and evermore  
 To all the world doth show it,  
 Decidedly he is a bore,  
 Or else he is a poet.

WHO Love's commingled cup would drain,  
 And sweet without the sour obtain,  
 Would to the shrine at Mecca roam,  
 And yet be all the while at home.

IF thou would'st in the wall be shown,  
 And have us look unto thee,  
 Then certainly thou must, O stone,  
 Consent to let us hew thee.

IF somewhat, thou ambitious thing,  
Thou would'st be, and not every thing,  
Whence this astonishment to view  
That other folks are somewhat too ?

NEW to thee,  
Meet for thee ;  
Chaff to me,  
Wheat for thee.

FLY, if ye will, this world so mercenary,  
But don't be, then, for its applause solicitors ;  
'Tis odd, to set up for a solitary,  
And then complain because one has no visitors.

CARE is the common burden, set  
On all our backs, my brothers ;  
The part that each one hath of it  
Is ease to all the others.



THE sun would weep himself quite damp  
To see on earth so many a scamp,  
Would break into pieces and fall into bits—  
If it were not for the hypocrites.

THOU shalt not make a lamentation  
For all thy earthly hopes' frustration  
Till thou canst swear, and take it on thee,  
That all thou fear'dst has come upon thee.

To love the best of all  
Not oft doth it befall to thee ;  
Rather to what thou lov'st doth it befall  
To seem the best of all to thee.

## PHANTASY, WIT, AND REASON.

**O**N a hill sat Phant'sy, covering  
Quite the half;  
By her that abbreviated thing,  
Wit, the dwarf.  
Not at all  
Too short or tall,  
But a betweenity, like me or you,  
Stood Reason, watching the eccentric two.

Phantasy, half to high heaven upraised,  
Caught a star,  
Shook it, flung it, that the sparks outblazed  
Near and far.  
Quick as light  
The little mite

Darted and dived and overtook the rocket,  
Button'd up the sparks into his pocket.

Phantasy a cloud down from the sky  
Reach'd, swathed all  
Round her shoulders, purple in its dye,  
Like a pall.  
Sits therein  
The mannikin ;  
Let but a plait be stirr'd, the moment after  
The elfin face peeps forth with grinning laughter.

Phant'sy oped her mouth with thunder-word,  
Wit bedumbing ;  
The giantess is still, the dwarf is heard  
Whistling, humming.  
Reason loses  
Patience, chooses  
Rather to go,—“ Won't do at all for me,  
This looks remarkably like Poetry !”

**O**FT, when Love hath lighted  
 All within my breast,  
 Hath he unrequited  
 Been, and I unblest.  
 Yet, have hearts of others  
 Turned to me, unseen,  
 Trust me, then, my brothers,  
 Sadder have I been.  
 Love to miss, so rarely  
 Present from the first !  
 Wretched Fate, then, fairly,  
 Thou hast done thy worst.

**W**HEN the shades are turning  
Lakewards from the hill,  
Feels the heart a yearning,  
Pining to be still ;  
When the gulls are breasting  
Air towards the sea,  
Then would I be resting,  
Heart's delight, with thee.  
'Neath the morning heaven  
Gaily do we roam,  
Ever in the even  
Would we be at home.

## ZOBIR.

**I**T is a fanatic and pillaging horde  
Of Saracen lances, Abdallah their lord,  
And now before thee  
Their leaguer is gather'd, O fair Tripoli.

But ere they have struggled and storm'd through  
the breach,

Lo ! Gregory's host, and a hero is each,  
Byzantium sends  
Him, dread of the foeman and stay of his friends.

And as he represses the Saracens' pride,  
His golden-hair'd daughter rides on at his side ;  
A suit hath she donn'd  
Of armour, and sports with the spear as a wand.

As counsels Zobir, so Abdallah has done ;  
Encouraged, his hosts press victorious on ;  
The foe fly in fear,  
And Gregory falls 'neath the sword of Zobir.

No ramparts the rout of the Christians stem,  
The Saracens follow and enter with them ;  
The banner of green  
On Tripoli's every turret is seen.

The Mussulman might long Maria defies ;  
At length, all surrounded, the enemy's prize,  
With many a tear,  
She yields to her fate, and is led to Zobir.

And one of the foremost, " To thee do we bring  
The meed of thy valour, that marvellous thing  
That gave unto thee  
Thy glory, our Prophet his fair Tripoli."

The champion heard, and return'd with a smile,—

“ The heart of a hero what face can beguile ?

What blandishment draw

Aside from the One and his paramount law ?

“ Fear not, ye bold wooers, no rival am I !

But thee, I release thee, go, maiden, and fly ;—

My bride be my spear !

Thou, weep for thy father, and rail at Zobir.”



## REVERIE.

**I**N yearning moods I gladly dream  
Myself remote from mortal crowds,  
A glider down a silent stream,  
A gazer on the shadowy clouds.

Thrilling and sweet, through all the air,  
Ring summer-birds' care-charming songs ;  
And waters rock the boat they bear  
Far from the world and all her wrongs.

But seldom to the brink I urge  
My lonely bark, nor leave it then ;  
But snatch one rosebud from the verge,  
And cleave the watery path again.

Remote, I view the pasturing sheep,  
The flowery change from day to day,  
And careful girls their vineyard keep,  
And scythes lay low the new-made hay ;

And taste alone the liquid space  
Of light the heavens serenely pour,  
And the pure river-drops that chase  
The blood no fleeter than before.

## ANSWER.

**W**HAT would this vague despondency ?  
This craving indistinct and dumb ?  
'Tis difficult the world to flee,  
And easier to overcome.

And even could'st thou fly, thine own  
Impatient heart would quickly press  
Thee back again, for love alone  
Of man to man is happiness !

Growth to decrease, decay to bloom,  
Stern laws unalterably bind ;  
The heart is deeper than the tomb,  
The world less awful than the mind.

Thou seest the awfulness, but fleet  
Time and Occasion bear thee by ;  
The good and evil hour shall meet  
Together in Tranquillity :

And, as the Moon through heaven doth range,  
Now clouded, spotless now and free,  
So like that moon thy life shall change,  
And setting is for her and thee.

## IN THE NIGHT.

**H**OW started I up in the night, in the night,  
 A moody, dissatisfied mortal !

The street left behind me, the watch and his light,  
 Went through in my flight,  
 In the night, in the night,  
 The Gothic old arch and its portal.

The rillet ran on, coming down from the height,  
 I bent o'er the handrail with yearning,  
 And watch'd the bright ripples, as, clear as the sight,  
 They fled so light  
 In the night, in the night,  
 With never a thought of returning.

Above, in the blue inaccessible height,  
The stars' multitudinous splendour  
Burn'd round the clear moon, that with purity  
bright  
Made even their light,  
In the night, in the night,  
More chaste and more tranquilly tender.

I look'd up aloft to the night, to the night,  
And downward again to the chasm.  
O woe! thou hast wasted the day and its light,  
And now thou must fight  
In the night, in the night,  
With grief and a sorrowful spasm!

## TO —

THE form which in designing  
 Nature has all her diligence expended,  
 Remoulding and refining,  
 More daintily outlining  
 Than purest gold by craftsman ever bended :

O wear thou for its armour  
 The sober thought that loose desire represses !  
 Be deaf unto the charmer,  
 And'shun the subtle harmer,  
 Whatever hand approach the golden tresses.

Although thou seem elected  
 By Love, most frank, nor yet from melancholy  
 Remote, be Love rejected,  
 Thy heart with ice protected,  
 Or the wild fire will rise and wrap thee wholly !

**Y**E birds on limber boughs that swing,  
 How frank ye are and fresh of wing !  
 With voices meet for morning,  
 That make me feel a moodier thing,  
 And mock me with a warning.

'Tis now an hour I glide and go  
 Your branchy summer-house below,  
 And pass the time but sadly  
 That doth for ye so brightly flow,  
 And bear ye on so gladly.

Who, safe in woods' retirement still,  
 In emerald mead, by glancing rill,  
 Leave man, in town and turret,  
 To build his own nest as he will,  
 And his own woe inherit.

**S**PRING did a nuptial feast proclaim  
By valley and by hill,  
With song and instrument :  
I was as malcontent  
As if the snow lay still.

And many a jovial guest he bade ;  
I was not of the train.  
He knew that I, alas !  
Slave to her fancies was,  
And for her fetters fain.

Now am I free, now is my spring,  
Now have I joy and balm  
From roses in the hedge,  
From rivers and their sedge ;  
Yet is my joy more calm.



## THE HOUSE OF CHILDHOOD.

**A**N even-lighted glade in  
There stands a house, holy and high ;  
Thence many a youth and maiden  
Looks forth with a changeful eye.

They change from weeping to laughter,  
From darkness to light they pass,  
Whatever their mood, soon after  
It is not what it was.

'Twas there I saw my darling,  
Lightsome and full of joy  
As the blossom the young wind fondles,  
And the rougher winds destroy.

And they, the youths and maidens  
Who dwell in this sweet spot,  
Poets and spirits and angels  
Are they, and know it not.

They are like the gods and dress them  
Each day in a different guise ;  
And O, but my heart is heavy,—  
My darling will change likewise.

O darling mine, where art thou ?  
I come where thou should'st be,  
And look to thy gleaming window  
To look if thou look'st on me.

I will cherish thee and will keep thee  
Truly as ever I can ;—  
And there in the garden sits she,  
And is with a wealthy man.

Then mattock and spade I buy me,  
Bind a green apron before,  
And like to a gardener make me,  
And knock at the rich man's door.

“ O rich man, open thy garden,  
For gladness and not for pay,  
Thy flowers will I foster and cherish,  
My silver and gold are they.”

“ Welcome, gardener, welcome !  
Train up my roses higher,  
Twine them and wreath them and net them,  
Fasten them up with wire.

“ Draw the leaves thicker and closer,  
Make me a screen so high  
That nothing may fly beyond it,—  
A sweet little bird have I ;—

“ Sweetly and wildly and clearly  
Down in the dell she sings ;  
The tall trees stoop to hear her,  
The flower at her feet upsprings.”

I see my love that weepeth,  
And secretly looks to me ;  
The tall trees do not tremble,  
No springing flower I see.

O, why didst thou forsake it,  
That beaming house of light ?  
The gold of thy head is paleness,  
And dim thy eyeballs' sight.

I wander'd to the beach, love,  
Thy shining star to see,  
I saw it fall from heaven,  
And sink into the sea.

I saw it fall from heaven,  
And sink into the wave,  
And ever my tears run downward  
To seek for thy star in its grave.

## THE FISHER.

**I**T is a youthful fisher,  
And perish'd is his bliss;  
Dead is his love and buried,—  
How shall he credit this?

And till the stars' appearing,  
And till the white moonshine,  
He tarries for the maiden,  
To row her on the Rhine.

And with the stars' appearing  
The maiden true appears,  
And feeble are her footsteps,  
And white the robe she wears.

Then down the flowing waters  
In silence do they glide,  
She shivers and she trembles,  
And shudders at his side.

“ O love, the night is dewy,  
The winds thy robe unfold ;  
O, wrap thee in my mantle,  
And screen thee from the cold.”

And to the ancient mountains  
Her snowy arms she spreads,  
And hails the moon's effulgence  
And silver on the heads

Of huge and hoary castles,  
And in the boat upstands,  
And fain would grasp the moonlight,  
And hold it in her hands.

“ O love, upon my bosom  
In peace and stillness rest,  
The stream is deep and rapid,  
And death is in its breast !”

Now past the stately cities  
The rapid stream impels ;  
And in the towers is pealing  
And chiming of the bells.

Then lowly kneels the maiden,  
Her praying palms she folds,  
And all the height of heaven  
With sweetest looks beholds.

“ Dear maiden, pray in silence,  
And safer shall we float ;  
I fear the hasty waters  
And swaying of the boat.”



Behold, a pious cloister,  
And nuns the holy strains  
Are chanting, and tall tapers  
Illuminate the tinted panes.

And clearly sings the maiden,  
Responding to the lay ;  
And tearfully she watches  
The fisher-youth alway.

Then chants the youth, replying  
With tearful eye dismay'd,  
And wistfully and dumbly  
Doth look unto the maid.

And redder yet and redder  
The kindling river glows,  
And whiter yet and whiter  
The maiden's visage grows.

And now the moon is fading,  
And now the stars are few,  
And now the maiden's bright eyes  
Are dimm'd and heavy too.

“ Good-morrow, dear my maiden,  
And evening too in one,  
Why should'st thou sink in slumber  
At waking of the sun ?”

And plain he sees the steeples,  
And plainly he perceives  
The thousand-voicèd concert  
And rumour from the leaves,

And thinks to wake the maiden  
To share the morning's grace,  
And turns, and bends him o'er her,—  
And empty is her place.

Then in the boat he lays him,  
And sobs until he sleeps ;  
And on and on goes drifting,  
And driving to the deeps.

Now rise the mighty waters,  
And toss like to a toy  
The frail unguided barklet,  
And cannot rouse the boy ;

But safe amid the billows  
The stately vessels glide,  
And see the youth laid sleeping,—  
The maiden at his side.

## SERENADE.

**L**ISTEN, mute in golden luting,  
Silverly the brooks reply ;  
Sweet saluting, gentle fluting,  
Blending, ending tenderly.

Thrills the finger of the singer,  
Thrillingly his heart replies ;  
Sweetly through the dark unto thee  
Music looketh with my eyes.

## VALKYRS.

**S**TILL they combat on the meads,  
 High in air on cloudy steeds  
 Sweep three Valkyrs, and loud rattle  
 To their shields their songs of battle:—

“ Nations war when kings command,  
 Each would win the other's land,  
 Sovran sway is sovran good,  
 Greatest worth is bravest blood.

“ No proud helmet now, huzza !  
 Mocks the fury of the fray ;  
 Spilt the fiery blood and glorious,  
 And the dastard is victorious.

“ Laurel-crowns and triumph-arches !  
Proudly in the morn he marches  
Who a better man o’ercame,  
And despoil’d of land and fame.

“ Burgomaster ! Senator !  
Crouch before your conqueror,  
Hail with shouts your subjugation,  
Open to your desolation !

“ Multitudes the walls array,  
Cymbals clash and trumpets bray,  
Clanging church-bells stun the crowd,  
And the rabble shout aloud.”

Poor beauty, prithee quake not so,  
'Tis I will set thee free  
From sin and shame and want and woe,  
And all thy misery.

Poor beauty, prithee quake not so,  
Though hard the cure may be,  
My heart will break, and yet I know  
That death is good for thee.

O mockery and evil dream !  
A madman's ghastly lot !  
Dark broods the night, loud howls the sea—  
O God, forsake me not !

Forsake me not, thou clement God,  
Thou Merciful ! Shaddai !  
It plashes in the water. Woe !  
Jehovah ! Adonai !

The sun broke, towards the smiling land

We steer'd our glad canoe,

And when we stepp'd out on the strand,

Then were we only Two.



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The gusty accents of a lyre,  
And twanging chords, and voice of fire  
That tear the shuddering soul along,  
And hearkening know whence comes the song.

Far on the rugged Scottish shore,  
Where the old castle gazes o'er  
The frantic waters in amazement—  
There, at the lofty vaulted casement,  
A pallid lovely woman stands,  
Tender of glance and frail, her hands  
Clang on the harp, and wild she sings,  
And wild the storm her tresses flings,  
And bears the voice of her emotion  
Far o'er the roaring wastes of ocean.

## THREE AND TWO.

**S**HY from a sullen rack of clouds  
Upon a stormy sea  
Look'd forth the moon, into the boat  
We stepp'd, and we were Three.

The oars with stroke monotonous  
Plash'd down into the sea,  
And wild the foaming waves arose,  
And sprinkled us all three.

And in the boat as pale and chill  
And motionless she stood,  
As she a marble image were,  
And not of flesh and blood.

Now hides the moon her face, and shrills  
A north wind cold and bleak,  
And high above our heads we hear  
An agonising shriek.

It is the white and ghostly mew,  
And at the evil note,  
That sounds like voice of warning, we  
All shudder in the boat.

Have I a fever? Is 't a jest  
Of nightly phantasy?  
Mocks me a dream? If so, it is  
A ghastly mockery!

A ghastly mockery! I dream  
That I a Saviour am,  
And bear my cross of woe extreme,  
As patient as a lamb.

## OTTILIA.

**I**N treacherous dreams I win my youth again,—  
 It is the country-house that crowns the hill;  
 And down the winding path that seeks the plain  
 I joyous wander with Ottilia still.

How blithe her blooming countenance! Her sweet  
 Blue eye with merry malice twinkling shines,  
 And firmly stands she on her little feet,  
 And strength with symmetry of frame combines.

The accent of her voice is true and tender,  
 Revealing every secret of her mood,  
 And keenest wit illumed with fancy's splendour  
 Darts from the mouth that seems a damask bud.

'Tis not the net of folly that ensnares me,  
I wander not, my reason firmly stands,  
The spell of her whole being 'tis that bears me  
With quivering lips to press her snowy hands.

Methinks at length I stoop and pluck a lily,  
And giving it I tremble, and breathe low,—  
“ Give me thy heart and hand, my sweet Ottilie,  
That I may be as blest and good as thou ! ”

Her answer must remain uncomprehended,  
For suddenly I wake, and once more find  
Myself a sick man, on my couch extended  
Long years with tortured frame and troubled  
mind.

## AGNES.

**T**HOU wert a blonde-hair'd maid without a  
stain,

So neat, so prim, so cool ! I stay'd in vain  
To see thy bosom's guarded gates unroll,  
And Inspiration breathe upon thy soul

A zeal and ardour for those lofty themes,  
By chilly Reason scorn'd for airy dreams ;  
But wringing from the noble and the good  
The toil of hand, and heart, and brain, and blood.

On hills with vineyards' clambering leafage gay,  
Glass'd in the Rhine, we roam'd one summer's day,  
Bright was the sun, and from the shining cup  
Of every flower a giddy scent flew up.

A kiss of fire, a deep voluptuous blush,  
Burn'd on each pink and every rosy bush,  
Ideal flames in dandelions glow'd,  
And lit each sorriest weed that edged our road.

But thou went'st on with even-stepping feet,  
Clad in white satin, elegant and neat ;  
No child of Netscher's brush more trim and nice,  
And in thy stays a little heart of ice.



## SONGS.

## I.

**I**T was a mighty monarch's child,  
Her cheek was pale, her eyes were wild;  
Beneath a linden's shade I press'd  
The maiden to my panting breast.

"I will not have thy father's throne,  
I will not have his golden crown,  
I will not have his realm so wide,  
I will have thee, and nought beside."

"That cannot be," the maiden said,  
"Because I am already dead,  
And but by night the sods above  
I burst for thee and thy dear love."

## II.

THE rose and the lily, the moon and the dove,  
Once loved I them all with a perfect love ;  
I love them no longer, I love alone  
The Lovely, the Graceful, the Pure, the One,  
Who twines in one wreath all their beauty and love,  
And rose is and lily and moon and dove.

## III.

WHO was it, tell me, that first of men reckon'd  
Time by the hour and the minute and second ?  
A soulless man, without heat or light ;  
He sat and he mused in the long winter's night,  
And counted the pittering steps of the mouse,  
And the pick of the woodworm that gnaw'd at the  
house.

Kisses, now tell me, who first did discover ?  
It was the warm happy mouth of a lover.

He kiss'd without ceasing, he kiss'd without care,  
He kiss'd his first kiss in the May-season fair ;  
The flowers from their emerald cradle upsprung,  
The sun brightly beam'd, the birds sweetly sung.

## IV.

UPON my darling's beaming eyes  
I plied my rhyming trade ;  
Upon my darling's cherry lips  
An epigram I made ;  
My darling has a blooming cheek,  
I penn'd a song upon it ;  
And if she had but had a heart,  
Her heart had had a sonnet.

## V.

O DEAREST, canst thou tell me why  
The rose should be so pale ?  
And why the azure violet  
Should wither in the vale ?

And why the lark should in the cloud

So sorrowfully sing ?

And why from loveliest balsam-buds

A scent of death should spring ?

And why the sun upon the mead

So chillingly should frown ?

And why the earth should, like a grave,

Be mouldering and brown ?

And why it is that I myself

So languishing should be ?

And why it is, my heart of hearts,

That thou forsakest me ?

VI.

SEE yonder, where a gem of night

Falls helpless from its heavenly height !

It is the brilliant star of Love

That thus forsakes the realms above.

And one by one the wind bereaves  
The apple-tree of silvery leaves.  
The breezes, in their reckless play,  
Spurn them with dancing feet away.

And round and round swims on the pool  
The tuneful swan so beautiful,  
And ever singing sweet and slow  
He sinks into his grave below.

It is so dreary and so dread !  
The leaf is wholly witherèd.  
The fallen star has flamed away,  
The swan has sung his dying lay.

## THE THREE.

**T**HREE warriors that softly ride  
From a lost field at eventide ;

From their deep wounds the warm streams break,  
Courser and saddle glow and reek.

Slow move the steeds, weary and spent,  
Else were the gush too violent ;

And close they ride, and closely each  
Holds by his fellow in his reach,

And sadly look they on the death  
In either's visage, and one saith :—

“ Woe for the maiden and the home  
Where these cold feet shall never come !”

“ Woe for my meadow-lands and trees,  
Castles and vassal villages !”

“ The light of heaven is all I have ;  
There are no windows in the grave.”

Three vultures, dissonant and black,  
Fly gloating on the bloody track ;

Shrieking among themselves they cry,—  
“ Thou eatest him, him thou, him I.”

## IN MOONLIGHT.

**I** THINK of thee, and wander lone  
 This spreading river nigh;  
 O that we listen'd to its tone  
 Together, thou and I!

O might we but together glance  
 And scan the happy rays  
 And meekness of the countenance  
 The virgin moon displays!

Buoy'd safely on that bridge-like beam  
 My eager glances rove,  
 And range the silver-shining stream  
 Up to the darker grove.



And, where a wave of light is cast  
The water-waves upon,  
I see how fleet these hurry past  
And chase each other on ;

But where, outside that brilliant path,  
The stream flows in the dark,  
The sound is all my guide, nor hath  
The eye what it may mark.

O maiden, that the hour were bright.  
With one regard from thee,  
Who art the splendour of the night,  
And silverness to me !

When, heedless of my bosom's strife,  
Thou roamest far apart,  
Dead is the dismal stream of life,  
And stagnant in my heart.

But when, thy light reminist'ring,  
That stream thou dost survey,  
It ripples blithe and glittering,  
And fleetly flows away.

**R** OSES, roses gathering,  
Roses of the rarest,  
How I would that I might bring  
Them to thee, my fairest !

But, ere I had carried them  
Far, to thee retreating,  
Every rose had fled the stem,  
For the rose is fleeting.

Further from his Love to stray  
Be not Love persuaded  
Than the hand of lover may  
Bear the rose unfaded,

Than the nightingale doth bring  
    Straws and sedges nestward,  
Or her music, vibrating,  
    Wanders from the westward.

## AMMONIUM.

“**R**EST, stranger, while thy courser grazes ;  
 O, travel on no more this night !  
 Stay by the greenest of oases,  
 That shines amid the sandy places  
 As when a topaz-wreath enchases  
 An emerald’s pure, refreshing light !”

“ Thanks for your hospitable proffer !”  
 He said, and lighted down from his  
 Steed on the grass, and sat down over  
 Against his hosts, while past did hover  
 The vulture, flying to recover  
 Her eyrie in Pentapolis.

A sound of song and joyous dances ;  
Wide on his knees he spread his book :  
The tents, the fires, the steeds, the lances,  
The swart Arabian countenances,  
The beards, the shields—like wild romances,  
These things his ardent fancy took.

He sat with busy pencil stealing  
An image of his desert rest ;  
By the clear spring were camels kneeling ;  
The lissom Arab maids, revealing  
Their features half, and half concealing,  
Sang, fleeting round their Christian guest :—

“ Rest, stranger, while thy courser grazes ;  
O, travel on no more this night !  
Stay by the greenest of oases,  
That shines amid the sandy places  
As when a topaz-wreath enchases  
An emerald’s pure, refreshing light ! ”

## TO MY POMPEIAN LAMP.

**N**O, comforter, we will not sever !  
 My trusty lamp, whose modest glow,  
 When the torn nerves in agony quiver,  
 Pour'd mildly, saith, " Hope on, not ever  
   Shall this be so ! "

To thee my oil shall ne'er be scant'd,  
 Could the pale spell the poppy hath  
 Repay the fellowship enchanted  
 Of thee to whom 'tis nightly granted  
   To light my path

To Helicon ? my path who drew thee  
 From charnels Neapolitan

To the clear day, and did renew thee  
With light unused, which now unto me  
Shines all it can !

Rememberest thou thy home ? how play'd  
The fountain, sent with genial flow  
Forth from a marble mask, and made  
Music all night in colonnade  
And portico ?

Rememberest thou the chamber, say,  
And him of quiet mien antique  
Who nursed thy flickering light away,  
And seal'd his letter by thy ray,  
And spoke in Greek ?

'Mid the pale shades, my gentle mate,  
By the pure sun unvisited,  
Hast slept this many a year, by weight  
Of wrack and ruin desolate,  
Bound to the dead ?



The slumberer's breath, the night-wind's sway,  
Once more thou hearkenest, nothing loth,  
From tree and flower thy witching ray  
Seduces yet again the grey  
And fickle moth.

My soul, that did thy soul restore,  
Soon, tiny lamp, must change with thee,  
And wander by the Avernian shore,  
While thou on high dost lustre pour,  
And tell of me,

Inquiring haply, when her fate  
Brings thee dim Psyche in the night,  
Art thou his spirit who hath sate  
Wrapt in deep converse with me, late  
Feeding my light?

## AUTUMNAL.

**O**'ER shorn fields, grey with misty streaks,  
The late winds pipe and shrilling roam ;  
Stumbling beneath a load of sticks,  
A widow leads her orphan home.

Here seek they the forgotten grape,  
The harsh sloe there and woolly haw ;  
In farm and grange the wild doves scrape  
The stray grain dropt in mud and straw ;

And here returns on weary feet,  
A poor lorn child of blame and shame,  
At last for the last time to greet  
The last of all who own his name.

**B**ACK to my home I turn'd, and found it  
The old dear spot by many a sign,  
The same the air, the songs around it ;  
And yet it was no home of mine.

Sweet sang, in its old channel driven,  
The stream, the deer the old path trod,  
A soft string woke old tunes, and Even  
Blush'd on familiar crag and sod ;

But at the door where erst, a ranger  
Return'd, I saw my mother wait,  
Sat strangely the intruded stranger,  
And O, I felt my heart a weight !

Methought a voice cried, and I started,—

“ Fly from this place, nor stay to learn  
How whom thou lov’st are all departed,  
And never, never will return !”

**L**IGHT my sleep and lighter ever,  
 Like a veil my grief doth quiver,  
 Trembling over me.

In dreams I hear thee come and go,  
 Crying at my shut door below,  
 I waken then, and the tears flow—  
 For thee ? Ah no ! for me !

Yes, yet, death is this !  
 Soon another wilt thou kiss  
 When I am in my swoon ;  
 Ere yet the March-wind whirls the vane,  
 Ere yet the thrush begins her strain,  
 If thou would'st see me yet again,  
 Come soon, soon !

**A** SERIOUS man am I, whose every word  
And action seeks the Better evermore.

Long did I muse, and vainly seek to know  
If better 'twere, beneath stars' golden gleam  
And trembling blossoms, while the nightingale  
Debars alone the night from silentness,  
To fall asleep, and slumber in thy arms ;  
Or better, when the sickle of the moon  
Reaps silvery paleness from the golden fields  
Of the inflaming morn, and overhead  
The lark is vocal, in thy arms to wake.

A prudent man will choose the safer part ;  
I sink in slumber on thy breast at night,  
And thou awak'st me early in thy arms.

**E**VERY point of Love is fair,  
 Love is perfect everywhere;  
 Sweet 'tis to see, sweet to be fain,  
 Sweet to pursue and to obtain;  
 The memory of Love, how loving!  
 The loss of Love, how deep and moving!  
 But, if of all I had the choosing,  
 My soul were fix'd on the refusing.  
 Then doth the unreach'd but seem to be  
 Set at a height more heavenly.  
 Every point of Love is fair,  
 Love is perfect everywhere.

**W**HAT boots it that the violet shy  
 So privily doth blow,  
 When every cloud that roams the sky  
 Her mystery doth know?  
 The south wind seeks the dim retreat,  
 And steals her breath away,  
 And hurries on with hasty feet  
 To give it to the day.  
 But I, my dear delight, will keep  
 The treasure I have found,  
 And not a curious eye shall peep  
 On all our fairy-ground;  
 Nor wrong I thee by this reserve  
 And silence of my lays,  
 What angel is there doth deserve  
 To hearken to thy praise?



## ADAM'S SACRIFICE.

**W**ITH sweetest fruits, fresh from the bowers,  
To the green mound he hies,  
And wreathen leaves, and balmy flowers,  
A fragrant sacrifice.

Blithe is his brow, then, saddening,

“ Alas, my poverty !

The very tribute I would bring

I borrow, Lord, from Thee.”

## AN EMBLEM.

A TREE springs in a thirsty land,  
Lone in the barren plain,  
Withering beneath the sun's hot brand,  
And stranger to the rain.

From the sere bough, luscious and loose,  
Depends a glowing fruit,  
Laden with all the lingering juice  
And life of stem and root.

The rambling breezes soon will shake  
Its mellow richness down,  
Ungather'd for another's sake,  
And made not for its own.

**I**N garb of gold and purple  
The stately day had gone,  
And Night, serene and pensive,  
Was softly coming on.

From silent heights of heaven  
Look'd down, on cot and lea,  
The moon's pure curve of silver,  
And stars some two or three ;

And dews descended, healing  
The faintness of the bowers,  
And so the winds were fragrant,  
And like to wingèd flowers ;

The quiet birds lay dreamless

And songless in the nest,

The nightingale was wakeful,

And warbled for the rest.

'Mid all the magic music,

And beauty of the glade,

Thou wert my thought, Beloved,

And thine the song I made.

**I** THOUGHT upon my country,  
And all my soul was stirr'd,  
And in the dreams of darkness  
Meseem'd I was a bird,

That fought against its cage-bars,  
And shook them night and day,  
And broke them with its pinions,  
And singing flew away,

And rising, rising ever,  
So loftily did go,  
It saw the noisy Ocean  
Move silently below,

And in the dim blue distance

A strip of green there shone,

That green strip was a country,

That country was my own.

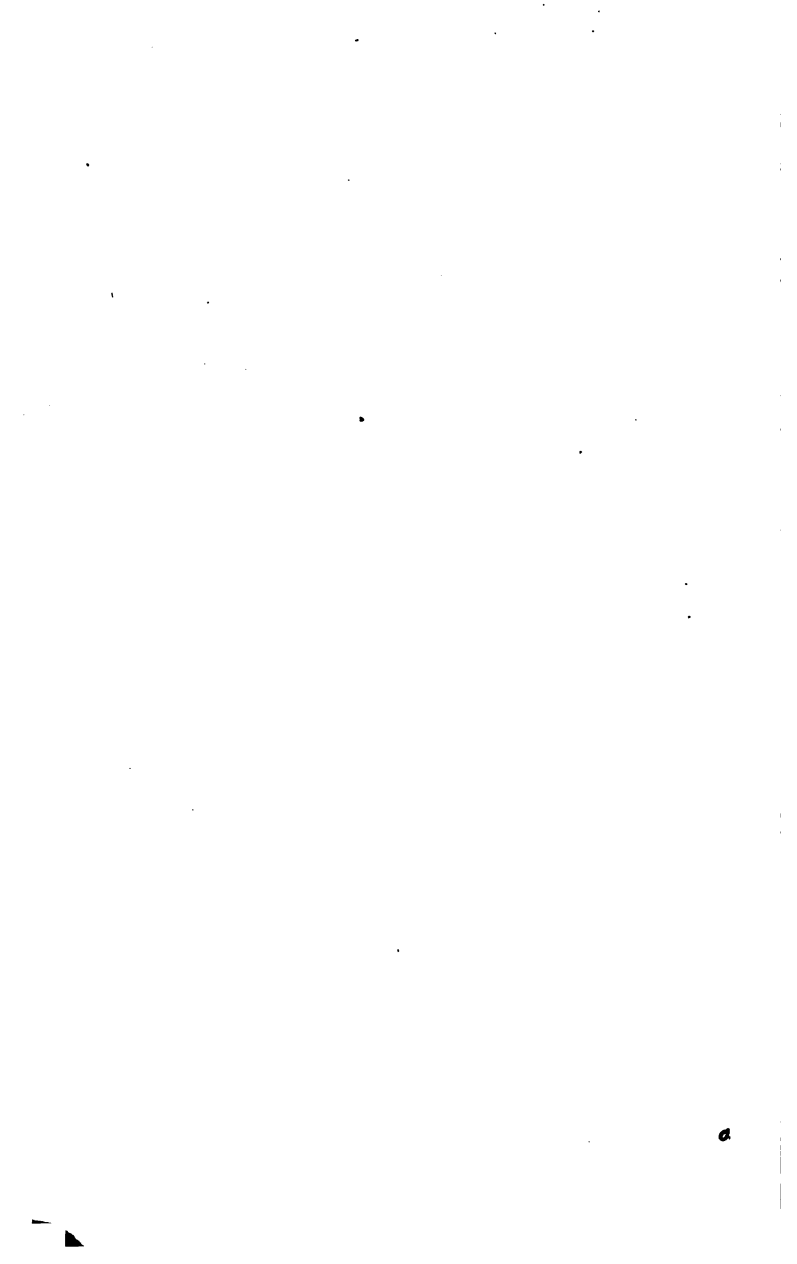
Nor knew I till this vision

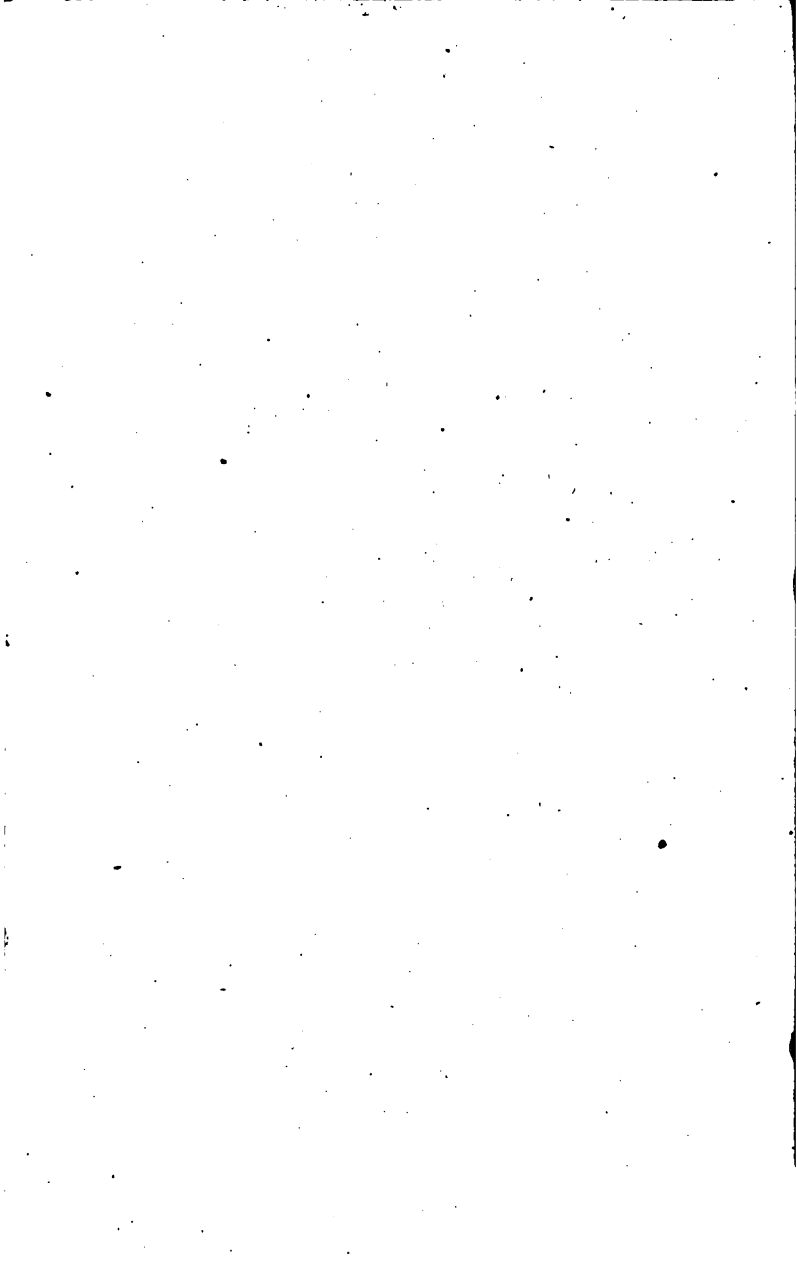
Had come unto my heart,

Thou dear far land, how very dear

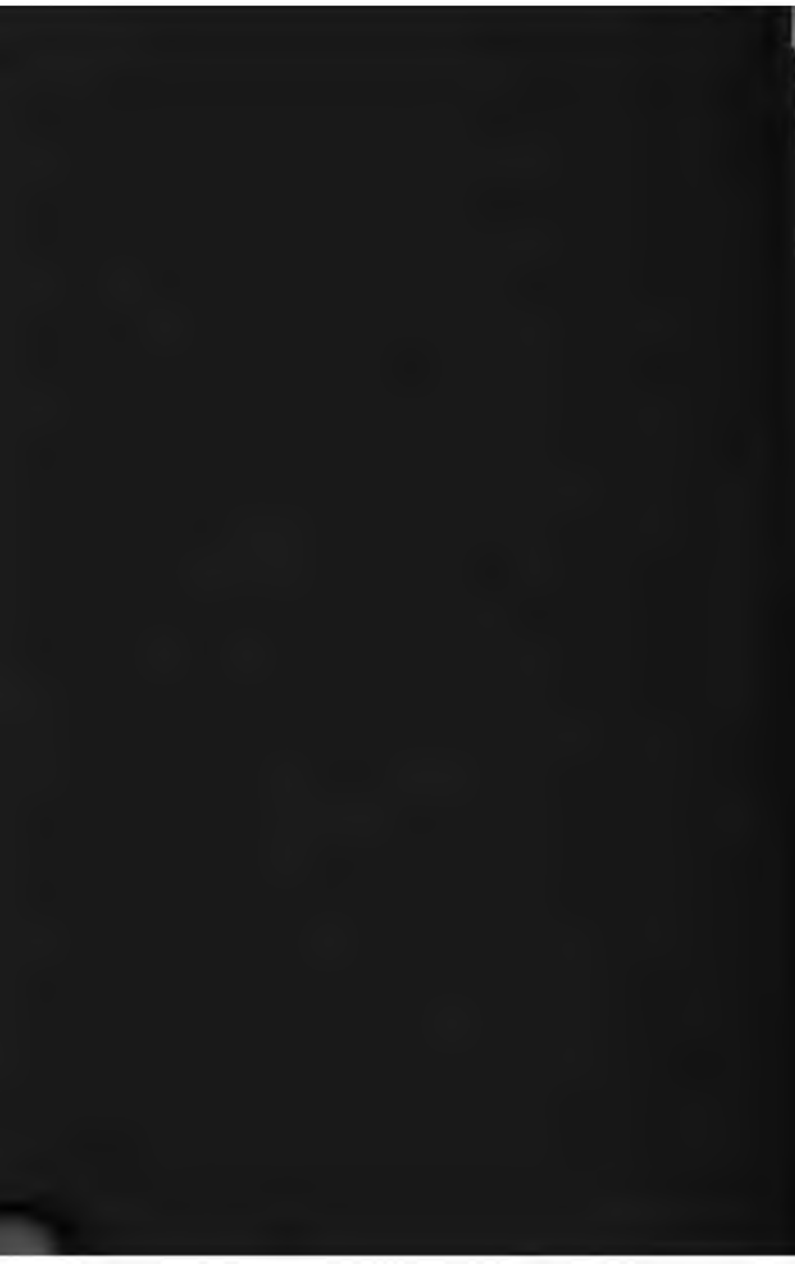
And very far thou art !

THE END.









DR. RICHARD GARNETT



